Journal of a Trip Across THE PLAINS FROM INDEPENDENCE TO SAN FRANCISCO—VIA SOUTH PASS ROCKY MOUNTAINS & THE SIERRA NEVADA

(1849)

AND

Journal of a Voyage From SAN FRANCISCO TO SANDWICH ISLANDS

(1850)

ALEXANDER JOY CARTWRIGHT, JR.

EDITED BY
JAY MARTIN

Alexander Joy Cartwright, Jr. is distinguished for two contributions to American life. The first is well-known. In 1845, in New York City, as a leading member of the New York Knicklockers baseball team, he "invented baseball." In the Cooperstown, N.Y. Hall of Fame, he is lauded as "The Father of Modern Baseball."

His second contribution to American life are the two journals he wrote. The first is his account of crossing the plains from Independence, Missouri, to San Francisco in 1849, mainly by foot. Francis Parkman's *The Oregon Trail* brought its author fame. Cartwright went later and much farther than Parkman did. But his journal remained unpublished.

The journal Cartwright kept in 1850 of his voyage to the "Sandwich Islands" (Hawaii) occurred at precisely the moment when the great sailing vessels were challenged by the newer steamships for speed on ocean voyages. Cartwright's excitement in the account brings that pivotal moment back to life.

Jay Martin's scholarly editing of these two manuscripts makes them available, in ever-new excitement, to the contemporary reader.

To Laura

First, I hope you are exceeding happy at the Huntington. It suits you perfectly

Second, here is a piece of textual scholarship that I was tasked long ago to do by Richard Altick, but did not do till now.

Third, best personal regards, as always.

Tay

11. III. 15

JOURNAL OF A TRIP ACROSS THE PLAINS FROM INDEPENDENCE TO SAN FRANCISCO—VIA SOUTH PASS ROCKY MOUNTAINS & THE SIERRA NEVADA (1849)

AND

JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO SANDWICH ISLANDS (1850)

BY
ALEXANDER JOY CARTWRIGHT, JR.

EDITED BY
JAY MARTIN

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A. J. Cartwright in San Francisco, 1849,
upon completion of his journey across the country.

Books by Jay Martin:

Conrad Aiken: The Life of His Art, Princeton University Press, 1962.

Twentieth-Century Interpretations: A Collection of Critical Essays on "The Waste Land," Prentice-Hall, 1966

Harvests of Change: American Literature 1865-1914, Prentice-Hall, 1967.

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A Dunbar Reader, Dodd, Mead & Co., 1975.

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Live All You Can: Alexander Joy Cartwright, Jr. and the Invention of Modern Baseball, Columbia University Press, 2009.

Recollections in Tranquility: A Chronicle of Literary Memory, forthcoming, 2016.

To

ERIK JOSEPH MOORE

Sportsman, Musician, Scholar

and

Champion Grandson

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INTRODUCTION

to the "Journal of the Trip across the Plains from Independence to San Francisco—via South Pass Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada" (1849)

Alexander Joy Cartwright Jr. is most famous as the "Father of Modern Baseball." He was inducted into the Baseball Hall of Fame after lengthy investigations concerning the person to be credited with first organizing the basic rules and establishing the field dimensions still largely in effect whenever or wherever baseball is played today.

Cartwright deserves to be equally famous for the journal he composed about his trip across the American continent, from New York City to San Francisco, in 1849. This journal too gives an account of a significant part of American history. Of the several accounts of travels in the 1840s on the Oregon Trail, the most widely known, of course, is Francis Parkman's.[1] But Cartwright

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1 Francis Parkman, *The Oregon Trail*, in *The Oregon Trail and the Conspiracy of the Pontiac*, New York: Library of America, 1991. Parkman's book was originally published in 1849 as *The California and Oregon Trail*, so titled to exploit the California gold rush fever of 1848-49. However, Parkman never set foot on the California Trail, and the title was subsequent-

also traveled along the Santa Fe, Oregon, and California trails, and he left a vivid account of part of his journey that importantly supplements Parkman's. His "Journal of a Trip across the Plains from Independence to San Francisco—via South Pass Rocky Mountains & Sierra Nevada" is an account of Cartwright's westward excursion in 1849, ostensibly to "make his fortune" in the gold fields of California. Behind him he left a wife, three children, and extended family—and the Knickerbocker Baseball Club.

His life before he made this momentous decision to "go west" may be briefly sketched. He was born on April 17, 1820, in lower Manhattan, of mixed English and Dutch ancestry. His father was a ship's captain, descendent of a family that had long been associated with whaling and seafaring. One branch of the family settled in Nantucket, the other in New York. In the Panic of 1837, the senior Cartwright lost a great deal of his money through bad investments in speculative shipping. Alexander Jr. left school and

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ly altered to *The Oregon Trail*. By contrast, Cartwright's was among the earliest gold-seeking trains to transit the California Trail, extended from the Oregon Trail in the early 1840s. Dwellers in New York where Cartwright lived, first heard of the gold strikes on August 19, 1848, when the *New York Herald* printed a letter claiming that prospectors were making thirty dollars a day. See Ralph P. Bieber, ed., *Southern Trails to California in 1849*, Glendale, CA, 1937, pp. 51-56, 67-100, 116-25. So, Cartwright's journal represents that of the gold rush pioneers, beyond Parkman's account.

began work as a clerk in the stock brokerage offices of Cort & Cochran on Wall Street. At the age of twenty-two, he secured a respected position as a teller in the Union Bank, and proposed marriage to Eliza Ann Gerrits Van Wie—like his mother, the daughter of a Dutch family.

In 1844, during one of the many business downturns common in the 1830s and 40s, Alexander lost his Union Bank position. With his brother Alfred DeForest Cartwright, he opened a bookseller and stationers shop on Wall Street, near the new Trinity Church. Very likely this enterprise was undercapitalized, and it did not thrive against such established city booksellers as Wiley's, which James Fenimore Cooper, William Cullen Bryant, and J. K. Paulding patronized.

Still, Alexander Cartwright had sufficient leisure to become a volunteer fireman and an active member of the New York Knickerbocker Baseball Club, one of many teams in the city that met regularly to play the game that was already on its way to becoming the national sport.

The problem for such baseball rivalries was that in its evolution from cricket, Four Old Cat, and the traditional English ball games, baseball lacked uniform, agreed-upon rules; so that each time teams met, the rules of the game had to be negotiated and settled before play could begin.

In the spring of 1845, prompted by his

teammates and members of other clubs, Alexander Joy Cartwright, Jr., a leading member of the New York Knickerbocker Baseball Club, was asked to draw up rules of play about which local teams could agree. Baseball had by then become so prominent a sport in American life that some sort of consensus about its requirements was needed in order for play to occur between various teams, each of which was likely to possess a somewhat different view of the game. Cartwright made numerous changes in the game before 1849. He laid out the dimensions of the field in the shape of a diamond instead of the previous rectangle, with ninety feet between bases. He designated a team to consist of nine players. He placed only three players in the outfield and created the position of short stop. He removed one of the two catchers from the field. He required that runners would be made "out" by throws to first base or by tags at the other bases, instead of by hitting or "plugging" the runners with the ball. Three "outs" would end an inning, while previously an inning consisted of batting through the whole lineup. He invented the "walk." Cartwright's bat and a ball used by the Knickerbockers have been lost, but most of his uniform rules for the game remain in force today.

Cartwright's experience as a reader and bookseller seems to have contributed to his lit-

erary capability and excellence of style, which shows clearly in his journal. In dramatic fire and acuteness of observation, this journal is worth reading for its interest and intrinsic excellence, as well as for its portrayals of the difficulties met in crossing the continent by foot, horseback, or in a wagon train, and for its pictures of prairie settlements, mountain men, itinerant Mormons, Indians, and such natural phenomenon as the beauty and grandeur of the passing scenes, along with the dangers of water spouts or prairie brushfires.

Obviously, Cartwright was also keenly interested in the development of the American language in the west. He showed a lively interest in recording local slang and the new speech of the prairies. We can hear him imitating the speech of Russell and Stewart when they roused the party of tenderfeet to "catch up" and "roll." Attentive to the developing speech of the United States, more than Parkman was, Cartwright gives us a portrait of the new West in its own language.

Finally, to the portrait of a man renowned in American history for his organization of the "national pastime," this account adds a personal touch. After all, Cartwright brought a bat and ball with him on his journey across the continent. If he did not "teach" Indians, mountain men, settlers, and soldiers how to play baseball,

as some have claimed, he at least carried the game along his route until he arrived in San Francisco. Intending to stop at Sutter's Fort to hunt for gold, after a brief experiment he continued on to San Francisco and then sailed west. He disembarked in Honolulu.

In short order, he laid out a baseball field in Honolulu according to his modern principles and was a principal player in the development of baseball in the Sandwich Islands. So his account of his journey west is also important as the precursor to the establishment of America's national sport in Hawaii long before it became the 50th state; of all the states in the union, Hawaii is the one for which baseball is unquestionably the premier and most loved sport. Cartwright was critically important in establishing baseball in Hawaii.

THE JOURNEY

The news that gold had been discovered in California in 1848 spread rapidly across the country. Two Cartwright brothers caught the "gold bug" during the economic downturn in New York at that time. Alexander and his brother Alfred both set out for California early in 1849. Alfred decided to make the sea voyage from Newport, Rhode Island, around Cape Horn, to San Francisco. He started on January 23, 1849, and took 194 days to complete his journey. Alexander chose the alternate route, traveling from New York City overland, to arrive at San Francisco 156 days later. As he indicates in his journal, most of this trip was done on foot, sometimes on horseback, and—during periods of dysentery—prone in a wagon.

On March 1, 1849, Cartwright left New York, beginning a journey by rail that would end in St. Louis. At Cortland Street in lower Manhattan, he boarded the ferry to Newark, accompanied by a few friends, including the President of the Camden and Amboy Railroad, and about twenty other men who were also heading to the gold fields, among them Captains Seely and Woosley.

At Newark Station, he paid four dollars for travel towards Philadelphia on the morning's 7:30 "express" steam car line of the New Jersey Railroad, one of several independent but connecting lines. He changed cars at New Brunswick and then at Trenton, transferring to the Philadelphia and Trenton Rail Road. By the end of the first day, Cartwright and his companions had arrived at the Walnut Street Wharf station in Philadelphia. After an overnight stay, at the cost of eleven dollars,[2] Cartwright proceeded west by rail to Pittsburgh, arriving slightly over twenty-four hours later. At Pittsburgh, Cartwright and several others purchased outfits for the ensuing trip and arranged to be part of the wagon train to be led by the famous Colonel William Henry Russell. The necessities were shipped separately to Independence, Missouri, where the journey west would commence, while Cartwright traveled to St. Louis by the National road, through Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois.

In 1849, St. Louis was a city at the margin of the frontier, where businessmen from the east were settling, prairie scouts and Indians were visiting, and prospectors heading for California were outfitting. According to his grandson, Bruce Cartwright Jr., in St. Louis Alexan-

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2 Harold Peterson, *The Man Who Invented Baseball*, New York: Charles Scribner & Sons, 1973, pp. 133-4.

der saw "mountain men in their buckskin suits with fringes and fur caps," carrying powder horns and Kentucky rifles, next to "ladies in the latest Paris gowns."[3] Gambling halls, saloons, and brothels were located close by thriving businesses that shipped western produce and foods to the east, and brought eastern supplies to the west.

At St. Louis, Cartwright boarded a steamboat to Independence, where the Santa Fe and Oregon trails started, and where Colonel Russell, who was to guide his train, awaited. Cartwright had chosen his leader wisely. Among the numerous guides and wagon masters Russell had the most distinguished past, and was one of the most reliable of leaders. Prior to becoming a guide on the Oregon Trail, Russell had been admitted to the bar and was elected as state representative and U. S. marshal in Kentucky. Perennial presidential candidate and powerful U. S. Senator Henry Clay became his mentor. In the west, he was associated with John Charles Frémont in winning California, and was the first Secretary of State there. In 1846, Parkman had encountered him on the Oregon Trail three years before Cartwright's trip.

Russell assembled his train outside Independence in Boundary Line camp. Wagon-train-

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3 Peterson, p. 121.

ers slowly gathered together there. Cartwright camped at the Boundary Line for "over a week." On Monday, April 23, 1849, Cartwright wrote: "During the past week we have passed the time in fixing the wagon covers, stowing away property, &c., varied by hunting and fishing, swimming and playing 'Base-ball.' I have the ball and book of rules with me that we used back home. Tonight we held a council and decided to strike out for California along the Santa Fee [sic] trail until we reach the Oregon Trail, then follow that to South Pass and then North of the Great Salt Lake in the land of the Utes, through the Sierra Nevada Mountains to California."[4] Finally, fifty-five days after he had left New York City, Cartwright's journey west began. A trip of one hundred and one days still stretched before him before he would arrive at San Francisco on August 10, 1849.

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4 Quoted in Peterson, p. 130.

THE JOURNAL

Cartwright's journal begins by briefly mentioning his fellow travelers on the journey, prominently listing the men who were his closest companions—those who were members of his "mess." He then rapidly proceeds to begin his account of his westward journey on April 24, 1849. Until April 29, he left a record of each day. Then, apparently ill with dysentery, he broke off his account for 18 days and did not resume it until May 17. From that date until the sixth of June he again gives a running account for each day.

On June 6th, Cartwright's train began the hardest part of the trail, and it is possible that the arduous character of the journey, beginning with the trip through South Pass and the Continental Divide, so sapped Cartwright's energy that he ceased to make daily entries. He had yet to cross over the Great South Pass, transit the Wasatch Range, pass through the arid country and Salt Lake Valley, traverse the Great American Desert, then mount the Sierras before rolling into "the valley of the shadow of death," the Humboldt.

A more likely explanation for the interrup-

tion of his journal is, I believe, that Cartwright did not write the journal that is now before us during the trip, but on the journey kept detailed notes, which he turned into a journal in 1850. (Parkman did the same.) Internal evidence in the manuscript indicates conclusively that the surviving manuscript, from which my transcription is taken, was not itself composed on the trail. The journal itself is headed "March 1, 1850," seven months after Cartwright arrived in California, at a time when Cartwright had begun to reside in Honolulu. It was almost certainly, then, written in Honolulu in 1850 from notes taken during the journey. Three other remarks by Cartwright within the journal confirm that the present journal is a later compilation and composition made from detailed notes after the completion of the trip across the continent. For instance, on May 19, in giving his account of his gratification in seeing a band of Sioux in a "state of nature," Cartwright remarks parenthetically: "how this conceit was taken out of me will be seen further on." Later, on May 27, in relating how he and some others lightened their wagons by disposing of non-essential items, he remarks: "The rest of those in our company would not throw away anything, to which they had good cause to be sorry afterwards, carrying much that was useless a 1000 miles further over a bad country only to abandon it at

last after breaking down their stocks." Finally, on June 2, he tells of buying a necklace from a party of Crow Indians and notes that he later presented this item to a Captain Fraser, probably in San Francisco where Fraser's ship, the cutter "Lawrence" was berthed.

One of the puzzling features of Cartwright's journal is that at its head it is dated "New York March 1st 1850." By all accounts, Cartwright crossed the continent in 1849, so that anyone reading the journal must wonder to what date his trip and his journal should be assigned. Fortunately, we have his own hand for the date of his journey. When Cartwright was informed by Louis Lucy, Secretary of the Honorable Society of California Pioneers, that he had been elected a member, he expressed his wish to be a "life member" and sent in his dues of $110. Then he added: "I was born in New York City 17 April 1820. Left New York March 1st 1849 and crossed the Plains—arrived in California July 1849."[5] This crucial confirmation of the year of his journey plainly suggests that the date "March 1st 1850" is the year when he began to compose the journal from his notes, so that the heading could be translated as: "I left New York on this journey March 1st, 1849, and am writ-

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5 Alexander J. Cartwright to Louis Lucy, Esq., April 27, 1875. Hawaii State Archives, catalogued M-36.

ing the full account of it now, in 1850."

Cartwright's entries in his journal as we have it are so detailed and accurate and the penmanship is so fine and uncorrected that no other conclusion seems possible but that he kept notes all during his journey and then, when he found time or energy to do so, sat down in March 1850 to put these notes in order. Unfortunately, this composition was continued only through June 5, 1849.

From later evidence, however, we can make a rather good estimation of his progress after the journal itself breaks off. In 1939, his grandson Bruce Cartwright, Jr., drew up a chronology based on the recollections of his father, family memories, and remarks by Cartwright's later friends, of the most likely continuation of his journey:

June 5-9, 1849	A very hard journey to South Pass, the Continental Divide, where they camped beyond at "Pacific Springs"
June 10	Along "Sublette's Cut-off" to the "Little Sandy"
June 11-12	Crossed 44 miles of desert and reached "Green River," where they exchanged Overton for John Shaff
June 13	Crossed Grand River and proceeded to "Fontenelle Creek"
June 14	Along "Sublette's Cutt-off" to spring
June 15	Across Ham's Ford
June 16	Reached Bear River

June 17	Rested in camp
June 18-19	Crossed Smith's Fork to Thomas's Fork
June 20	Over mountains to Bear River
June 21-22	Along Bear River to Soda Springs
June 23	Over Pass between Great Salt Lake and Snake River basins
June 24	Along Pontneuf River
June 25	Arrived Fort Hall
June 26	From Fort Hall across Bannock River to camp near the American Falls of the Snake River
June 28	Passed the American Falls
June 29	Reached Raft River (now Yale, Idaho)
June 30	Up Raft River
July 1	Reached head of Raft River and "City of Rocks"
July 2	Along Goose Creek
July 3	Down Hot Springs Valley
July 4	Over the divide by "Poison Wells"
July 5	Reached Humboldt tributary
July 6	To Humboldt Wells
July 7-8	Along Humboldt River
July 9	Over mountain east of present Elko, Nevada
July 10	Along Humboldt River
July 11	Around Frémont's Canon to Gravelly Ford
July 12-13	Crossing plains north of "Battle Mountain"
July 14	Crossing sloughs, Iron Spring Range
July 15	Crossed tule swamp near present Winnemucca
July 16	Crossing desert
July 17	Arrived at "Cold Springs" Eugene Mountains

July 18	Crossed "Larsen's Meadows"
July 19	Rested in camp
July 20-21	To Sink of the Humboldt River
July 22	Crossed Humboldt Slough
July 23	Crossed desert to "Ragtown" on the "Carson River"
July 24-26	Rested in camp on the Carson River
July 27-31	Proceeding slowly along Carson River
August 1-4	Processed south of Lake Tahoe and arrived in "Grass Valley" or Fort Sutter, California

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE

From Grass Valley, Cartwright would have trekked along the American River into Sacramento. In 1892, a San Francisco newspaper's account of the prominent merchants of Honolulu included reminiscences of Alexander Cartwright concerning the time when he first arrived in San Francisco. Cartwright remembered, the reporter wrote:

> Capt. Seeley and I turned our attention to mining but after looking over the fields we wisely decided that other openings offered greater inducements to men of our class. I met my younger brother Alfred DeForest Cartwright who had preceded me to California by way of Cape Horn. My first business venture was the purchasing with my brother of the interest of J. Ross Browne[6] in a mining enterprise which was being inaugurated by the party that came

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6 J. Ross Browne, a close and long-time friend of Mark Twain's, was a popular writer on western topics, a sometime U. S. government agent, and a speculator in land and gold mining.

to San Francisco in the ship *Pacific*.[7]

Apparently, he paused in Sacramento only briefly, and then took a steamboat to San Francisco where he met his brother on August 10, 1849. In writing to his wife Rebecca, Alfred gives his account of Cartwright's arrival in San Francisco and departure from it. (For Alfred and the other members of the Cartwright family, Alexander is "Alick"):

> Alick arrived here on the 10 instant [August 10, 1849] in good health after a long and trying journey. They lost some of their mules and broke their waggons, and were obliged to abandon most of their truck, so that Alick says that they "had left what they had upon their backs, and a cup and a spoon apiece." Now where do you think he has gone to? Why, to the Sandwich Islands. He left on the 15th with a friend whom he met here and who is going into business at those islands, through whose representations he was induced to think that he could do better than by remaining here. He will probably make arrangements there to come back here with a load of fruit and vegetables, which would prove a very profitable speculation.

Many later accounts have suggested that in leaving San Francisco Cartwright intended to

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7 Peterson, p. 165. Cartwright anglicized the actual name "Pacifico" of the Peruvian vessel.

return to New York by way of China. Such an explanation of Cartwright's journey to Honolulu in the Sandwich Islands can scarcely be credited, for had he intended to return to New York to join his wife and family, a trip by way of China would have involved a much longer duration than a simple (if arduous) return eastward around Cape Horn. Moreover, a decision to return to New York a mere five days after his arrival in San Francisco following a very long journey across the continent seems highly implausible, as well as uncharacteristic of the cautious and orderly temperament which Cartwright was to exhibit all during his life. A second story, often given in later sketches of Cartwright, is that in San Francisco he became ill with dysentery and was advised by Charles Robinson to go to the Pacific Islands for his health.[8] This too seems highly improbable, though it is not unlikely that (as the journal shows) he did have continuing bouts with dysentery, and he may indeed have been incidentally advised to go to Honolulu where his health might improve. (Unfortunately, he continued to experience intestinal discomforts for the remainder of his life.)

Almost certainly, Alfred's letter gives the true reasons for Cartwright's departure from

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8 "Alexander Joy Cartwright," *Hawaiian Pacific Commercial Advertiser*, XVI, no. 3122, July 13, 1892.

San Francisco. Clearly, he seized upon the opportunity to go to Honolulu to engage in business with new acquaintances from Hawaii who had come to California to invest in the gold-mining venture in which Cartwright also participated very briefly. In any event, it is clear that he decided to involve himself in very little direct participation in gold mining. Five weeks after he ended his arduous cross-continent trip he embarked for Honolulu. He listed his profession as "merchant" in a passport that was signed by Secretary of State James Buchanan, which he had obtained on February 23, 1849 before he left New York.[9]

He sailed to Honolulu on the Peruvian ship "Pacifico," the same ship by which the party of five investors from Honolulu had come to San Francisco, and on which they were now returning. In California he had already become involved with these businessmen and other commercial enterprises in Honolulu. Before leaving the mainland, as Alfred indicated, he had at least considered doing shipping business from Honolulu once the "Pacifico" arrived there. Certainly, Alfred turned out to be perfectly correct in his informed speculation that Alexander would re-

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9 Hawaii State Archives, M-36 (card). The passport certified Cartwright a "citizen of the United States," and asked that "in case of need" he should be given "lawful Aid and Protection."

turn to San Francisco with a "load of fruits and vegetables" destined for the area of the mining camps. He did return to San Francisco a few months later with precisely this cargo, consisting mainly of Irish and sweet potatoes growing on Maui.

Since no food was grown by the miners and few crops were raised in the vicinity of the mines, basic foodstuffs were at a premium. Alexander's speculation in the exportation of food would prove highly profitable, so much so that he was to return to the mainland twice more with similar cargoes. At first, he worked briefly in Honolulu with Richard Cody as a shipping agent and bookkeeper at a "very remunerative" salary. Then, he made an arrangement with Aaron B. Howe to superintendent his shipping business while Howe traveled to San Francisco. Then, in Lahaina, the old whaling port in Maui, Cartwright formed a partnership with Richard L. Bowlin, selling general merchandise and operating Bowlin's and Cartwright's Hotel.[10]

Cartwright was by temperament a man who lived in the present, dwelling only occasionally on the past. He did however speak to friends in Hawaii about his days in New York, and on some later occasions wrote and received letters

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10 "Cartwright, Alexander Joy Jr." Cartwright Collection, Hawaii State Archives, in catalogue M-36.

from members of his family remaining in New York City, Brooklyn, and Orange, New Jersey, as well as corresponding with a few of his old teammates from the Knickerbockers. On at least one occasion, when he was elected to the "California Pioneers" for his trip across the country, he expressed great pleasure in his membership and remembered his trip with warm pleasure. But from now on he was to be a lifelong resident of Hawaii. Once Cartwright finally returned to Honolulu and settled there in 1852, he ceased to travel, except around the Islands.

Cartwright made no more journeys. But for the reader of Cartwright's Journal, his one great trip across the plains comes alive again. There is Cartwright, waiting again at Boundary Line, with all his unpredictable life before him. In his journal, now at last available, we can go with him and enter, as he did, into a remarkable adventure.

My transcription of Cartwright's manuscript follows.

14-Feb 23=[11]

Journal

Alex J. Cartwright Jr

New York, March 1st, 1850[12]

Journal of a trip across the Plains

from Independence to San Fran-

cisco—via South pass Rocky Mountains

& the Sierra Nevada—

Left New York in company with the following gentlemen—viz

Capt Thomas W. Seely

" Benj. F. Woosley

at St Louis took in our mess Issac Overton

at or near Fort Laramie took in Caleb D. Boylston

at Green River exchanged Overton for John Shaff—

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11 Most likely, February 14 to February 23, 1850, the dates between which Cartwright wrote the journal of his westward journey as we have it, nearly a year after making the trip.

12 Cartwright departed from New York, March 1st, 1849. The date 1850 is an unintentional slip; he did indeed write this journal in its present form in 1850. But by his own testimony he certainly left New York in 1849.

so that our mess stood on arrival at Sacramento

as follows

Capt Thomas W. Seely	New York
Benj. F. Woosley	Jersey City
Caleb D. Boylston	New York
John W. Shaff	Newark
Alex J. Cartwright Jr.	New York

We travelled from Newark N. J. to Independence, Missouri in Company with Genrl Darcy of Newark, and a company of some twenty others, among them S. Harris Meeker, Wm. Kinny, Dolph Pennington, Gus Baldwin, Messrs Crockett, A. & C Grey, Emery, Martin &c.

We took as a passenger from Independence Mr. Ed Townsend of Newburgh[.] Left Independence and travelled to the Boundary line, where we camped with Colonel Russells Co.[13] for over

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13 William Henry Russell (1802-73) was one of the best and most famous wagon-masters and guides on the Oregon Trail, and one of the earliest train leaders in opening the California trail in 1848-49. In *The Oregon Trail*, Francis Parkman gives an account of first meeting Russell, quaintly describing him as "drunk as a pigeon," at Fort Bernard, near Fort Laramie. (Parkman probably mistook Russell's case of "mountain fever" for drunkenness.) Russell was born in Kentucky, practiced law in Nicholas County, and was elected to the state legislature in 1830. In 1831, he moved to Missouri. Henry Clay became his mentor. He served in the Black Hawk War (1832) and was a U.S. Marshal from 1841-46. In

a week. Nothing of note occurring, time passed in "fixing" wagon cover, stowing away property &c varied by hunting, fishing & swimming. [addition in Peterson, 130]

On Tuesday the 24th day of April 1849, the weather being clear & warm & all nature smiling propitiously—at 7 o'clock A.M. we started under the guidance of Russell, (the Co. consisting of 32 wagons, with 110 men), for the "Gold Diggins" of California. Our trail lay over a fine prairie on the "Santa Fee" [sic] route. 12 O'clock brought us to the "Lone Elm[,]" a poor solitary [tree] in a wide expanse of Prairie, miserable & withered. Here we watered our animals and refreshed the "inner man." After 1/2 an hour rest, started with the intent to reach "Bull Creek" but did not reach it. Came to a Frog pond at the 3 1/2 o'clock when we made our first camp. Formed the waggons into a Corrall. It being the maiden essay of most of the Company the aforesaid Corrall did not present a very showy appearance. However we shall do better after a few trials. Suppered on Coffee & cold Ham. Appetite

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the provisional government of California under Frémont he was Secretary of State. During 1847-49 he led wagon-trains of up to 150 wagons. It appears that his trip heading west leading Cartwright's train was his last journey, since after arriving in San Francisco with Cartwright, he moved to San Jose, California and practiced law there for the next twelve years. (See E. N. Feltskog, ed., Parkman, *The Oregon Trail*, Madison, Milwaukee, London: University of Wisconsin Press, 1969, pp. 552, 554-5.)

excellent, health good, night clear & warm, new moon

Distance 23 miles – walked

April 25th

Turned out at 4 o'clock, weather clear & very warm. Got Breakfast. "Catched up" and "rolled" at 7 o'clock, trail still "Santa Fee[,]" over a most beautiful country. At 11 1/2 arrived at "Bull creek" where we lowered our waggons down the steep [bank] with ropes, crossed the creek and called a halt. Took a hearty lunch with extras. At 2 "rolled" on over the same style of country and came to camp on the "Wakaroosa" about 5 o'clock. The banks of this stream being very steep we had to lower them down one bank and hoist them up the other which was accomplished with considerable labor. After taking care of our "stock" had supper of cocoa & cornbread, after which several of the company joined us around our fire and we passed the time 'till 9 o'clock in singing & chatting over our probable adventure. Ned Townsend on guard from 11 'till 2 1/2. The guard relief made it 3 1/2 which caused a little grumbling. Had a little "flare up" on the road today between Tom & a "sucker" from Illinois, resulted in the fellow apologizing.

Distance 15 miles—(walked)

April 26th

Up bright & early 4 1/2 o'clock. Got breakfast &c and rolled from camp at 6 o'clock. Company in fine spirits. Trail over a fine prairie country. At 9 1/2 we ascended the dividing ridge, from the top of which and standing upon a heap of stones, that marks the grave of some poor traveller, we had the finest view I ever beheld. In the distance on our side the Wakaroosa mounts, in a hundred shapes, and covered with a beautiful green, while on the other the Caw River stretched away until hid from view by clumps of trees, which diversify this most beautiful scenery. Here we left a "memo" for any friends that may come after us. About 1 o'clock called a halt at a branch of "Coon" Creek, where we lunched, after which rolled over the same style of country until we came to the camp of the "Springs" about 4 P.M. There has been a great deal of dissatisfaction today in consequence of the great number of waggons in our train, as an accident to one detains the whole train, I do not think that we shall be able to go on much longer without a division of the party.

Distance 23 miles–

April 27th

Weather clear and fine. Ned Townsend & self

started—in advance of the teams—across country for the "Kansas", by a route said to be shorter than that taken by the train. By the advice of Colonel Russell I shouldered a double barreled gun. After four hours walked over the most beautiful country, diversified by every variety of scenery, in many places so quiet and exquisitely homey that we asked ourselves many times where were the snug farm houses, the lowing herds & the waving fields of grain, that should be here. A quiet solitude[,] the most profound, reigned supreme, no signs of life but the countrys flocks of Plover & an infinite variety of small birds. We came to the conclusion that we had missed the trail, but kept on until we at last met two Indians, who directed us to the Baptist Mission, which we reached after two miles further travel. Here we found two excellent farms under good cultivation, and on introducing ourselves to Mr. Dilly, the missionary[,] who confirmed that we were in the Pottowattamie country and a long distance from the Kansas ferry, we accepted his hospitable invitation to Dine, and with appetites sharpened by a twenty mile walk did ample justice to his solid fare. After dinner we visited the other farm where we found the chief of the tribe, his squaw and many warriors. They are a fine manly looking tribe and appear very fond of showy dress. One young fellow on horseback I shall never forget. He was in shape

a perfect Apollo. —and sat his horse—a beautiful & spirited animal—as though he was part of him. He was dressed in a blue "Breech cloth," a bandanna kerchief in his hair bound around his head, his feet shod with neat close fitting moccasins, while for upper dress he had about a dozen kerchiefs of different gay colors—the ends knotted together on one shoulder while the flag ends passed under the opposite arm and streamed in the wind. He was armed with a very fine flint lock Rifle of which he appeared very proud. I gained his heart by the gift of a Red silk 'kerchief. After looking over the farm, visiting the Blacksmith shop &c we returned to the house of Mr. Dilly, who gave us considerable information regarding the character & habits of "his people." We found here two young ladies, one a teacher[,] the other Miss Lackin the daughter of the government physician. The Pottwattames are the wealthiest tribe under the protection of the U.S. We left this hospitable home in the wild after receiving directions as to our route from Mr. Dilly. After travelling about two miles we met a gentleman on horseback, who volunteered to put us on our trail. We found him to be a man of great information concerning the different tribes that inhabit this section of the country, he having married an Indian woman and traded among them for 17 years. He was originally from New

York, his name Cleghorne.[14] He accompanied us to camp where we arrived about 5 o'clock having walked 30 miles. After paying him the civilities of the camp, Tom & I took our guns and started for Plover of which there are thousands flying about. In a short time bagged a mess and returned to camp where we soon had them strung on a stick and boiled in primitive style. Made a hasty supper of Birds & corn Bread and turned in.

Distance train 19 miles

April 28

4 1/2 o'clock saw "up and dressed" and Breakfast on the board, after which all hands turned to, to lower the Waggons down to the Ferry. This job kept us 'till 5 o'clock P.M, when we found ourselves on the opposite side of the Kansas, having crossed our first large stream without accident. We rolled about 1 mile from this river and came to camp in[15] [broad timber belting

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14 James Cleghorne was a government interpreter with the Pottowattome tribe.

15 At this point Cartwright's journal (and probably the notes from which he was composing), breaks off for eighteen days, at least partly due to a severe bout with dysentery. Relying on Bruce Cartwright, Jr.'s transcription of a page which Bruce Cartwright, Jr. seems to have torn out of the manuscript journal at this point, Harold Peterson completed the last sentence as shown here in brackets. (*The Man Who Invented Baseball*, New York: Charles Scribner & Sons, 1973, p.

it. There was much quarreling today and this evening. We held a council and decided to "split up."]

Wednesday. May 17—[16]

This morning we crossed the South Fork of Platte, about 20 miles above the junction, it having rained heavily for the past three days, and still continuing. The river was quite high. We are now 5 waggons in company. We were the last to attempt the crossing, but the first to succeed. The superiority of our animals was here very apparent.[17] After a few moments rest on the other side, we returned to the middle of the stream to the assistance of those, who from the weight of their waggons, or the weakness of their animals, had become unable to make further advance. With a great deal of labor, and by doubling teams we at last succeeded in landing all safely on the opposite shore. I am still suffering with dysentery, caused by eating too freely of Buffalo. After a short delay, sufficient to arrange our disordered waggons &c[,] we started on our route once more. Following the banks of the river about 3 miles when we came upon the camp of Colonel Jarrott of Illinois. The mules in

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16 By the 17th they have reached the Platte River.

17 In the margin, Cartwright writes: "Crossing Platte."

this train appeared in a very bad condition, so much so that we altered our previous determination of travelling with them for a while, and concluded to continue our journey tomorrow in advance of them.

I found in their company a gentleman of the name of Green[,] formerly of New York, a brother of Henderson Green.[18] He had met with a severe accident[,] having been run over by his waggon, injuring both his legs. He was not doing well. Today I have suffered a great deal of pain but hope by strict diet to be all right in a few days. The grass being good we concluded to camp for the rest of the day to refresh ourselves and wearied beasts. It has rained nearly the whole day and is preparing for it again. Atmosphere cold & disagreeable.

Distance including crossing (1 mile) 4 miles—

Thursday, May 18

Started today at 7 o'clock, (very late) in company with Jarrotts. Our route lay along the north side of the South Fork, now over the low bottom lands, and over the bluffs. The grass appears better than any we have seen for several days past. Called a halt at 11 o'clock. Got up a "sort

18 Green had been a friend of Cartwright's in New York, where he too was a bookseller, with a store at 463 Broadway.

of a meal", good enough for such appetites as ours however.

While lying down here, Tom[19] was severely bitten on the hands by some sort of insect. 1 1/4 o'clock, rolled on our winding way with 3 other waggons in company, Jarrotts train being too "slow coaches" for us. Country along our route still presents the same appearance[,] low irregular bottom, and high bluffs. Saw several Buffalo & plenty of Antelopes, some near enough to shoot. Came to camp on the bottom near the river, just as it commenced a heavy thunderstorm. Jarrotts encamped about 1/2 a mile in our rear. On the opposite bank two Ox teams are encamped. The river has risen so much since we crossed, that 'tis probable they will be delayed several days, before they can cross. The Platte like all mountain streams rises at this season of the year, very rapidly, and when at its height runs with a swift current so strong as to take any animal that may attempt to cross, off its legs. Ignorance of this force has caused great loss at this and other crossings. After the shower walked up in the Bluffs. Saw two beautiful varieties of Mosses, with small Purple & Blue flowers.

Tom has suffered severe pain to day from

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19 Thomas Seeley (sometimes spelled Seely), long a friend of Cartwright's from New York.

the bite on his hands. There being no wood we cooked our supper with "chips."

Camp good for grass, water & fuel.

Distance 16 miles—

Friday May 19th 1849

We rolled from our camp at 7 o'clock, weather 1/2 & 1/2. Our trail lay along the north bank "South Fork" until about 10 o'clock when we struck the trail that leads across to the North Fork. Here we were met by several Sioux, well mounted and armed. They were accompanied by two white men who had lived among them for several years. Their camp was just off to the left of the trail and was very large though containing at this time but few inhabitants, most of the Warriors having started the previous day on a War Party against the Pawnees. The Sioux are a magnificent race of Indians. The men are tall and finely formed, with fine classic features & noble carriage, frank & open in their manner of address. The women, many of them the most beautiful I have ever beheld, they were principally clothed in beautiful dresses of skins, some of them very richly ornamented & as white as snow. I offered one Twenty-Five Dollars for her dress, but met with an unqualified refusal. We purchased some moccasins &c of them, and rolled on, much gratified to find some that re-

alized the idea I had formed of what an Indian was in a state of nature (how this conceit was taken out of me will be seen further on). Our trail now lay over a high ridge of Bluffs. After traveling about a mile came to our second halt at 11 o'clock. After lunching and taking a short siesta, "catched up" & off at 1 o'clock. Trail thru over the Bluffs was good and grass fair. That afternoon we had another Thunder storm, and during its continuance saw one of the grandest sights in Nature, a Water Spout on the Plains. It commenced some distance to the left of us, and at first was nothing but a small pillar or cloud reaching from the clouds to the earth. This pillar began travelling towards the right gradually growing larger and revolving swifter until it had passed a long distance off and appeared at least one mile in circumference where it burst with a tremendous explosion, louder than the discharge of a whole park of artillery. Then the thunder rolled, and the lightning blazed in one sheet of living fire, the rain descended in torrents, and hailstones as large as Eggs (aye! and larger) pelted us and our poor animals—most piteously. Fortunately we had taken the precaution ere the storm reached its fury to take our animals out and fasten them decisively to the Wheels else had we shortly lost some of them. As it was they were wild with terror, and snorted and tore the earth at a furious rate. After the

storm which was as short in its duration, as severe in its violence, we hitched up and rolled on. About 5 o'clock we reached the top of a very high Bluff from whence the most magnificent view burst upon us. Hundreds of feet below us, lay ridge after ridge of bold Bluffs in every conceivable variety of shape, their sides and tops, and the valleys between covered with verdure, while far in the distance could be seen "Ash Hollow"[20] filled with trees and covered with a rank growth of wild vines. Farther off we saw the waters of the "North Fork" rolling along with its swift & turbid current, but the beauty of this scene I will not attempt to describe. The pencil of [Thomas] "Cole" or the pen of [Washington] "Irving" alone could do it justice. Its beauty and wild grandeur will never fade from my memory, neither do I think that it will from either of my comrades. We passed down the precipitous side of the Bluff into the ravines, travelling which about one hour brought us near the mouth of the "Hollow" where we camped at 7 o'clock. We found an Ox train and Mr. Emery camped a short distance ahead of us upon the banks of the river. The three waggons in company with us camped a few miles back. This caused some little feeling among the members of our once more "Lone Waggon". All hands turned to how-

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20 In the margin Cartwright adds, "Ash Hollow."

ever and about 9 o'clock we had a supper, agreeing to stand each of us a two hour guard. Tom had the first watch, I on the mid from 12 'till two. The night during my guard was very fine (the first in ten days) the stars shone clear and bright, and the atmosphere just cold enough to make me wrap my Blanket close around me and keep up a brisk walk around our little camp. My thoughts soon took the usual direction and I thought of Home Sweet Home! and of my Darling wife and little ones, and breathed a silent prayer to that Beneficent Being who has said "in the silent watches of the night I will be near thee," for their protection & welfare.

My reveries were frequently interrupted by the Howling of the Grey Wolves, that would come up so close that I could see the glass of their eyeballs and hear their short quick snuffing as they scented the remains of our supper. Several times was I tempted to give one of the sneaking rascals the contents of my Rifle, but the certainty of rousing out the whole camp prevented the enjoyment of this bit of pleasure. Looking at my watch I found that I was 1/4 of an hour over my guard. I roused out Ned Townsend and, turning in to take "forty winks" and be roused out again.

Distance to day 26 miles

May 20th

Up at 4 o'clock, and off for better grass as soon as we could "catch up." Passed the Ox train and Emery at 4 1/2. No one visible but the guard, who asked "where on Earth" we were going at this time in the morning. Told him we were "peep o' day boys" and rolled on. Trail lay along the South bank of the North Fork over a very heavy sandy road, occasionally very marshy. The banks are lined with Bluffs of most fantastic shapes, —immigrants have named [them] "Castle Bluffs" —their general aspect, one of utter sterility and desolation. We called a halt at 6 o'clock at a place where we found good grass. Cooked Breakfast, and while in the enjoyment of it were joined by Mr. Emery. After our meal we "catched up" & rolled on. Trail still continues over the same style of road, and the country the whole day presents the same features. Came to camp at 5 o'clock PM. Camp fair.

Distance 20 miles

May 21st

Rolled this morning at 5 1/2 A.M. Our route lay over a heavy sandy and marshy bottom and so continued through the day. The general aspect of the country same as yesterday. Saw some bluffs on the opposite side of the river of such

curious shapes, that look as if art must have assisted in their formation, so exactly do they resemble churches, castles, &c. Crossed a very bad "slough" and came to camp at 5 o'clock, weather clear & warm, first time in two weeks.

Distance 18 miles.

May 22nd

5 1/2 o'clock saw "the restless" once more in motion, the weather clear & pleasant. The trail lies over a heavy sandy & at times through marshy grounds, making the trail exceedingly hard for our mules. We nooned at 11 o'clock on the bank of the river, directly on a line in appearance with a singular Bluff called the Court House, resembling in shape the Capitol at Washington. In the afternoon the trail continued over the same kind of road. About three o'clock, we had a Thunder Storm, so violent as to make it necessary to unhitch and secure our "stock" to the Wheels. This was done during the violence of the storm and we were wet to the skin. This however is a matter of daily occurrence and gives us but little concern. After the storm had subsided we again hitched up and rolled on till we made our camp at 5 o'clock, on a wet marshy spot, cold & exceeding disagreeable. Chimney Rock, which has been in sight all day, about 8 miles ahead of us, the Court House presenting its finest front

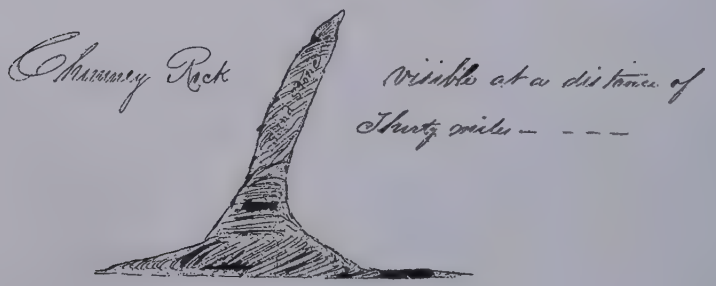
about 12 miles to our left, weather (at present) clear & pleasant.

On guard from 9 'till 12 with Mr. Thomas, weather rainy, cold & very disagreeable.

Distance 15 miles.

May 23rd

The weather is still bad, the rain pouring in torrents, cold & clammy. A fine Hot Breakfast of Coffee, baked Beans & Pork about 8 o'clock, cheering the depressed spirits of our party, and 9 o'clock bringing a slight cessation in the storm we "catched up" and rolled at 9 1/2. The trail still lies along the sandy & marshy bottom of the North Fork. Soon after starting[,] it commenced that "infernal drizzle" and so continued until we came to camp, about 5 miles from Chimney Rock. A short distance from our camp are four singular looking Bluffs, one very much resembling the Capitol, another a Pyramid and the two other Turkish Mosques.



May 24th[21]

Still the same rain & cold. Took Breakfast in our waggon. Curled & twisted up into all sorts of shapes. We enjoyed the thing hugely. The weather being so very bad we concluded to stop for the day.

About 9 1/2 o'clock the camp was startled by the appearance of a— "one horse shay" and such a "shay" —description fails one. I cannot do the subject justice, so let it pass merely stating as a sort of a flyer that it was "one of em." This arrangement was driven by a young French trapper. He informed us that at a distance of 16 miles were "Scotts Bluffs" or Cedar Springs, and there we should find a Store & Blacksmith. Although it was raining quite hard we concluded to "catch up" and march there today. During todays travel we passed several singular looking Bluffs. In the afternoon the wind shifted and it snowed "fast and thick.["] About 5 o'clock it broke away and we arrived at the Springs at 6 o'clock.

The view about here is one of the finest we have had on the route. Immense Bluffs most fantastically and curiously shaped into representations of every conceivable kind & style of architecture, surround the little plain wherein

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21 Originally written as "25," crossed out and changed to "24."

we are encamped. Through the center of the plain runs a deep & wild ravine, its precipitous sides lined with gnarled & stunted cedars. At the bottom runs a clear stream of cool delicious water. Here we found a Log Hut[,] its occupant Mr. Robidoux,[22] and a young man who had been trapping for him the previous season. We built our camp fire a short distance from his Hut and after eating a heavy supper, Frank & myself accepted an invitation from Robidoux to spend the night under his roof. We passed the hours 'till one o'clock in spinning yarns of all sizes & colors, and at that hour turned in on the hard floor. But sleep refused to visit my eyes that night. Although accustomed to sleep on the earth in all sorts of weather I could not go the stony couch of that nights. So after tossing about for a couple of hours turned out and walked around the camp 'till daylight did appear, having made up my mind to accept no more invitations, but stick to the green sward.

Distance today 20 miles. Camp 1st rate for all things—

May 25th

Messrs Boylston & Emery having agreed to

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22 Antoine Roubidoux, who had been a fur trader in Taos as early as 1822. He was sire of the famous and numerous Roubidoux family of guides and mountain men who were mentioned by Parkman.

disagree, Boylston made up his mind to separate from him and pack to Fort Laramie[,] and I stopped behind with him to assist. A packing is a perfect science and both men & mules have to be broken into it. We did not fix things exactly right though assisted and instructed by Robidoux. However all things appearing right we started to overhaul the train and in the vanity of our knowledge thought we would surprise them by striking across country, so coming into camp ahead of the train which had several hours the start of us. Accordingly we took the bearings of the road and boldly struck off. Things went on excellent well for about 10 miles when just as we were congratulating ourselves, and agreeing as to this superiority of packing our waggons, Billy Buttons pack took a turn and came under his belly. My eyes! there was a go and not the only go either, for unfortunately Billy's lariat was fast to my pommel and as he started off[,] my saddle turned and out I came. Away went Billy with his pack and my animal with his saddle, and away went Cale on his fast mule who soon got the upper hand of him and in a twinkling he lay on the prairie. I made haste up to him and found him none the worse for his hoist. We could not help laughing at the ridiculous figure we cut and agreed that we had been rather premature about the superiority of the pack. By the time we had recovered our scattered senses

we found that our position was rather an awkward one. Our animals were by this time out of sight and when they would fetch up we could not tell. Worse than this they had all our fire arms, leaving us 10 miles from <u>any</u> place in a strange wild country abounding in all sorts of varmints & bloodthirsty "Ingins." However it would not do to waste time so we followed on in the trail of our runaways and after an hours hard walk found ourselves on the broad waggon trail. Following this an hour and a half brought us back to our starting place. Here we found our animals had been stopped and that Robidoux, suspecting something more serious had occurred, was on the point of starting in search of us. He laughed heartily at our mishap, and invited us to stop a while and refresh ourselves. To this[,] as we were considerably fatigued by our long chase[,] we joyfully assented. He set before us some coffee & jerked Buffalo meat of which we partook right heartily. After having once more "fixed" we prepared to start but could not leave until we had taken a "stirrup cup" of which Mr. R. was pleased to call A No. 1 Brandy. I took a bumper "neat" but of all the drinks, that was the damnedest. I can compare it to nothing but "liquid hell fire". I writhed and twisted in agony. My contortions of visage <u>must</u> have been fearful. Rushing to a bucket of water I caught up a tin cup full and tossed it down my throat, but this

only appeared to aggravate it. I could feel my stomach hiss as the water came in contact with the fiery fluid. God what a 10 minutes of agony I endured after that bumper of No. 1. It was fully two hours before I was fairly relieved from its influence. It was 11 o'clock when we started for the train. Our trail lay across the Bluffs, until we came in sight of Horse creek, where we came out on a broad plain of land, exhibiting a vast scene of barren desolation. Numbers of great grey wolves were to be seen crawling about and flocks of Buzzards would fly across our trail, with their harsh ominous croak. We crossed the creek[,] which was deep and rapid[,] with some little difficulty, and as 'twas getting dark and we could see nothing of the trail pushed on with renewed speed. We arrived at camp at 7 o'clock, and after a hearty supper related our days adventures and were heartily laughed at. Camp poor[,] about one mile from the bank of the river. Some of the Boys in hunting for drift wood with torches set fire to the long dry grass on the margins of the "Platte" and in a moment it spread like wildfire. We could see it all night as it followed the course of the stream and do not know if 'tis yet extinguished. Killed an owl and snake both coming from the same hole.

Distance today 22 miles

May 26th

Weather clear & fine. Turned out all hands at 4 o'clock. Breakfasted "caught up & rolled" at 5 1/2 o'clock. Trail lay over a fine rolling prairie. Grass good. No game. Came to noon at 11 o'clock and a delightful spot on the banks of a stream. A trader rode into camp who gave us the distance to Laramie 11 miles. Trail this afternoon over a fine level plain. About 6 o'clock we came to the ferry on the banks of "Laramie." Here we found a number of traders belonging to the Fort and after a hard two hours work, in which our own party did 7/8 of the labor we at length found ourselves encamped on the opposite side a few hundred yards from the fort.

Fort Laramie is a trading post of the Am[erican] Fur Co. & P. Chouteau & Co.,[23] and was under the charge of Mr. Husband, a Scotchman, and a meaner Scotchman never left the "land o'cake." The Fort is beautifully situated on the banks of the "Laramie" river with plenty of wood in its vicinity and good pasturage for stock. There is no game of any consequence within considerable distance of the fort. Its principal

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23 Pierre Chouteau, Jr. By 1849, the American Fur Company virtually monopolized the Indian fur trade. Fort Laramie was one of its many posts. John Jacob Astor's successor to the American Fur Company at Fort Laramie was Pratte, Chouteau & Company, afterwards, in 1846, Pierre Chouteau, Jr. & Company.

trade is with the "Sioux." This is the first fort for trading on the trail and I must say that I was not very favorably impressed, either with the Fort itself or its occupants. A poor miserable set they appeared indeed. However these are not the real mountain men. In the distance one can see the tall "Peak of Laramie," the highest point of the "Black Hills" with its top covered with snow. Here we were told that Capt. Paul in advance of us had lost some new mules in a skirmish with the "Crows". We were cautions to keep good guard and keep our eyes open, and found however that these fellows are very fond of exaggerating the dangers of the journey. On guard tonight from 12 to 3 1/2 o'clock. Night clear & starry.

Distance 25 miles—

May 27th

This morning found us up bright & early, weather clear & warm. After Breakfast, we commenced unloading our waggon for the purpose of lightning our load. This was done by throwing out all extra wood work about it, throwing away all our extra Lead, Iron, Provisions, clothing, &c. After this had been done and our waggon once more put in order we concluded that we had lessened the weight at least 500 lb. As we are just entering upon a very hilly country this will relieve

our animals greatly. Mr. Emery also prepared for the hills by cutting 3 feet off his waggon and throwing out all "extras." The rest of those in our company would not throw away anything, for which they had good cause to be sorry afterwards, carrying much that was useless a 1000 miles further over a bad country only to abandon it at last after breaking down their stocks.

Dined today on boiled pork & greens, with Mush & Milk for a dessert. The milk we procured of one of the men at the Fort in exchange for "several large drinks of Peach" [brandy].

At 2 1/2 P.M. we catched up and rolled on. Our trail lay over a rolling prairie, part of the time [,] the rest of the way through sandy valleys. About 7 1/2 o'clock we came to camp in a valley a short distance from "warm springs" and a little off the trail. Grass poor to day. We took Caleb Boylston into our mess. Plenty of Gofers and Lizards seen today. Nothing like game to be seen.

Distance 12 miles—

May 28th

We started the morning at 6 1/4 o'clock. Whether foggy & chilly. Stopped a moment at Warm Spring. Found the water of a tepid warmth and rather unpleasant to the taste. Saw near here the remainder of several waggons of a compa-

ny that must have passed last year. Our route lay over high Bluffs, many of them covered with stunted Pine & Cedar. Road good. About 9 o'clock the fog lifted and the sun came out clear & warm. About 10 o'clock we entered a sandy valley through which runs one of the numberless offshoots of the Platte. This I believe Fremont calls Bitter creek. We crossed it three times and came to our nooning on its banks at 10 A.M. at a most beautiful spot, grass good. After two hours hold rolled on trail over a sandy barren country for some distance, then again became very hilly. (We are now entering that spur of the Rockies called the Black Hills.) We ascended the Bluff by a very steep hill. Some of the teams had to be doubled. We found this by far the hardest "pulling" we have yet had. No sooner at the top than down we had to go again on the other side, into a broad ravine through which we traveled 2 1/2 miles and came to camp at Heber spring on a fine creek ("Horse shoe") of good water. Camp excellent[,] grass good, water and wood plenty, Heber spring clear & beautiful.

Distance 30 miles

May 29th

Started at 7 o'clock this morning. Weather dubious and cold. Trail lay over high ridges of hill. The view from the tops of these was splendid.

Stretching away in the distance a range of 20 miles can be seen presenting hills of every hue and color. The Black the most prominent. Laramie Peak, the most prominent of these, is a dark heavy looking bluff, its side covered with Pines & stunted cedar and its top with everlasting snow. We came to our nooning about 1 o'clock on the banks of "La Bonte" [creek]. Camp pretty fair. Saw Antelope plenty. Nooned two hours and rolled on (forever rolling on). About two hours after starting[,] overhauled some of trains and agreed to keep company with them for a few days. Shortly after we came to camp on the "a La Prele" Camp[,] excellent for grass and water. Round and about us are singular Bluffs of Red clay called by Mountain men "Red Buttes". It rained quite hard when we came to camp and continued for about an hour afterwards to pour down in floods making it rather uncomfortable. However it cleared off beautiful at last and having got plenty of Milk from Mr. Stewart,[24] the head of the Ox train, we regaled ourselves on Mush & Milk, consuming enormous quantities. Turned in at 10 o'clock after a pleasant chat

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24 Jim Stewart. Famous guide. In his diary for April 17, 1849, William Johnston commented on the passing of Cartwright's wagon-train: "Our proposed guide, Jim Stewart," says that there is no need to start in haste as other wagon-trains were doing, since "He will engage to pass every mother's son of them." Quoted in Peterson, pp. 126-7.

with old man Stewart, his wife and daughter.

Distance 21 miles

30TH

Weather cloudy & cold. We "catched up" and rolled from camp at 7 o'clock, the Ox train right after us. The trail lay over a very hilly country & the roads in many places very heavy in consequence of the recent rains. About two miles from camp we met two waggons with Mormons from Salt Lake bound to Council Bluff for trading purposes. A woman in the camp was quite sick, so we gave them some brandy as well as what other little things we could think of for her comfort. They had Gold Dust put up in packages of $1.—which they said was dug in California & passed as currency among them at the Lake. One of these Mormons was the ugliest "human" I ever saw as well as the most inquisitive. He asked us a hundred questions, as to our homes, politics, business at home & what we were going to California for & concluded by advising us to take Salt Lake in our route. We bade them good bye & continued on our winding way. Crossed several creeks and at 1 o'clock nooned on the banks of one. Our route this afternoon lay for a time over the hills. When we descended into a more level country, saw a number of Antelope[,] the first seen in several days. Came to camp at 7

o'clock on "Big Timbers" creek, one of the finest camps in all respects since leaving the [Boundary] line. On grass from 12 1/2 'till 3 o'clock. Night fine. Moon full & stars all out.

Distance 21 miles.

31st

Rolled this morning at 7 o'clock. Crossed Big Timbers. Weather clear & cold. Trail lay over rather hilly country until we descended to the Platte bottom. Road good. Came to nooning about 10 o'clock at Deer Creek, a splendid camp for everything. This afternoon road good over the Platte bottom. Came to camp in the Platte, weather clear & fine. Camp good.

Distance 25 miles.

June 1.

Rolled this morning at 6 1/4 o'clock. Trail lay over a rough country, covered with creeks gullys & ravines. 8 1/2 o'clock brought us to the upper Platte Ferry, where we found two Mormons. They had rigged up a forge, converted their waggon into a house & located for the season. It takes a Mormon to accommodate himself to circumstances. Here we had our mules shod & having a little spare time we "washed up". Exchanged some Bacon for dried venison

of which Tom made a pot pie, and of which I was deprived together with a "milk punch" by a slight illness. Think however I shall make it up tomorrow. Here I stumbled upon the Tomb stone of a young man drowned in crossing the river in 1847. The river here runs at this season of the year with great rapidity [,] carrying with it immense bodies of sand, so that if one gets overboard with clothes on the weight of the sand soon causes him to sink. The Mormons say several are drowned here annually (hope 'twill not be our turn). The Ox train came up while we were at dinner. At two o'clock we crossed our Waggons over by the Ferry. The animals we swam over, after a great deal of trouble. Tom leading off on the back of one, we got them in the water. As soon as they got out of their depth, there commenced a general scramble in the midst of which Tom was unhorsed. He kept his hold of the mane however and in a few moments the whole drive came to land, and there [was] such a scamper, it was a good hour before we got them all in again. When we "hitched up" & off once more, (we found Capt. Lafferty's Co. on this side, consisting of 7 mule teams. We may travel with them for a day or two). Two miles roll over the Platte bottom brought us to a steep & heavy sand hill. With considerable fatigue we at length reached its top & descended on the opposite side to the bottom again along which our

trail lay & over hills & sandy gullys 'till we came to camp on the Platte, 6 miles from the Crossing. Weather clear & fine.

Distance 11 miles.

June 2nd

We catched up and rolled at 6 1/4. Weather clear & fine. Tom, Mr. Emery, & myself started ahead of the train to hunt. We took our way over the Bluff and after three hours hard travel, seeing numerous Antelope, Elk &c. going over hills, gulches & ravines, we concluded to strike out for the trail as twas impossible to get a shot at anything, the game being of the wildest kind. The trail lies over a hilly country[,] volcanic in its character. Passed over a great deal of ground strongly charged with alkali. Passed several lakes of mineral water, and came to noon at 11 o'clock on a creek of warm unpleasant tasting water. Trail this afternoon over the same style of country. Crossed several spring creeks highly impregnated with mineral. About two o'clock we came upon a party of "Crows" numbering 18 men & 2 women. They were seated on a Buffalo skin on our side of the trail. Several of us who were ahead of the train, rode up and dismounting, accepted their invitation to smoke. They smoked dried sage and I found it so pleasant that I smoked the pipe out. We conversed with

them by signs, until the train came up[,] when after exchanging a pocket-kerchief for a ~~string~~ necklace of beads made by the Indians from the clay deposit at Soda springs ([later] presented [by me] to Capt. Fraser of the Cutter Lawrence) & presenting them with some biscuit we rolled on. These Crows were the finest specimens of mankind I ever beheld[,] tall well formed & very muscular. They were on a hunting party & were in apparent dread of meeting any of the "lords of this particular soil"[,] the Sioux, or as they called them (by signs) cut-throats. The Crow rank with the Comanche for bravery and do not hesitate when sufficiently strong to attack partys in open day. We came to camp on a stream running from Willow spring. Great signs of game about. Saw immense Buffalo in the distance. Shot a Prairie dog. Must say I was disappointed on examination of him as he was "very like a rat." Lafferty train camped right back of us. About 8 1/2 o'clock the ox train passed our camp and rolled a short distance ahead. About 11 o'clock we were roused from our slumbers by the report of firearms & the whoop of the Indians. A number of shots were fired from Laffertys camp, but as there was no one that we could see to shoot at we held our fire, and finding after a short time that the <u>fight</u> was over turned in

again and were not disturbed 'till morning.

Distance 24 miles

We have thus far seen the following Beasts & Birds &c

Prairie hens	plenty	Buffalo	20,000
Plover	millions	Antelope	plenty
Big & little snipes	millions	Prairie dogs	few
Buffalo Birds	millions	Di[re] Wolves	plenty
Curlews	plenty	Brown wolves	plenty
Sand Hill Crane	few	Great Gray wolf	plenty
Brandt	plenty	Hare & Rabbits	plenty
Wood Duck	plenty	Elk	2 only
Wild Geese	plenty	Prairie & great rattlesnake	1000s
Sickle Billed Plover	plenty	Moccasin snake	plenty
Sage Hen	few	Great Garter snake	few
small birds of an hundred kinds		Sand Lizards	plenty
Gofers or sand squirrels	plenty	Red Deer	few

We have passed through & held intercourse with the following tribes of Indians

Shawnees	plenty in village &c	Pawnies—numbers in camp
Caws or Kansas	" " "	Sioux—in village & in camp

Delaware	few straglers	Crows—one party only—
Pottowattomies	plenty at the Mission	

June 3rd

Weather clear & fine. Catched up and rolled this morning at 6 o'clock. About one mile from camp we came to the fountain head of Willow Spring, where we found the Ox train encamped. A few hundred yards ahead we found Captn. Winters train of 11 Mule Waggons. We rolled past the Ox train, Winters leading off. For a distance of 15 miles our trail lay over a fine natural turnpike, when we came to a creek about 11 o'clock and nooned and had a delightful & refreshing bath in its clear cool waters. At 12 1/2 o'clock rolled on, trail over a heavy sandy road. We are now walled in by high Rocky hills, evidently spurs of the Rocky Mountains. To day we crossed two creeks, one of which had evidence of coal upon its banks, and passed over a great deal of low swampy grounds containing many huge Lakes covered with a crust of Carbonate of Soda or saleratus. About four miles from here we struck the "Sweetwater" and soon after were at the foot of "Independence Rock." This is a most singular & grand formation situated a few yards from the banks of the river entirely isolated from all other rocks or hills. It presents its bald front

& sides, to the view of the traveller, covered in many places with the names of those who have gone before time on this venturous journey. Some of the dates were upwards of 10 years back. Among many others we noticed Sir Wm. Stewart[25] and Sublette[,] his guide, date 1843. We crossed the "Sweetwater" about 1 mile from the "Rock" and camped upon its opposite bank. We have surfeited for some days past upon Buffalo & Antelope. Camp good.

Distance 26 miles

4TH

Rolled this morning at 6 o'clock. Weather clear & fine, sun shining very hot. Trail over rolling hills, road sandy & good. 4 miles from camp came to the "Devil's Gate" a most remarkable fissure in the rock through which the "Sweetwater" finds its way. Its perpendicular walls are some hundred feet in height and the water dashes through with great swiftness & turbulence. The prevailing vegetation of the country for a long time past

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25 Sir William Drummond Stewart went west on a pleasure excursion in 1843 to the Wind River Mountains. (See Matthew C. Field, *Prairie and Mountain Sketches*, eds. Kate L. Gregg and John Francis McDermott, Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1957, p. xlvii.) Of the two Sublette brothers who guided Sir William, William L. Sublette is the better known "Mountain Man"; his brother Solomon P. Sublette was also present. William L. Sublette was one of the founders of Fort Laramie.

has been "Aretemisia" or Wild Sage which when crushed by the waggon wheels emits a rank & most unpleasant odor. It serves as a harbor to myriads of crickets. Our greatest annoyance is from the "Black or Buffalo gnats" which throng the air in myriads and blow in the face with a feeling somewhat like thin light sand, which produces at first a pricking sensation that in a few minutes turns to a most intolerable itching. They leave the face covered with red blotches. We came to our nooning at 12 o'clock on the banks of the River. Grass good. Dined on Buffalo soup. At 2 o'clock Laffertys team having come up, we catched up & off. Trail lay over sandy hills[,] crossing several gullys & creeks. The "Sweetwater Mountains" on our right are masses of rock bare of vegetation. Those on our left are more fertile, being covered with grass, Cedar & Pines. The summits of these mountains are covered with snow. We have had a high wind to day blowing clouds of sand in our faces. The sun shining with great fierceness at the same time makes the traveling rather disagreeable. Camped at 5 o'clock on the "Sweetwater." Grass, water & fuel good. On guard from nine till 12—

Distance 22 miles

5TH

Started this morning at 5 1/2 o'clock. Weath-

er delightful, trail still along the "Sweetwater." About 1 mile from camp past Winters Co—who had passed us last night only by travelling two hours longer, showing the great superiority of our Mules. 3 miles from camp passed two remarkable dome shaped mountains. About 4 miles from camp we crossed "Sweetwater" again. There is some fine timber at this crossing. Here we leave the river, and do not reach it again for 6 miles travelling over a fair road. 9 1/2 o'clock bought us once more to the river. Here we should have forded, but taking the trail of Capt Paul a few miles brought us to a very heavy sandy road, through which we struggled a few miles further and came to camp—noon—at 11 1/2 o'clock in a dry sandy waste, without water or vegetation. (Considerable feeling in camp about the halt). After 1 1/2 hours rest we rolled on.

INTRODUCTION

to the "Journal of a Voyage from San Francisco to Sandwich Islands" (1850)

Shortly after Cartwright's arrival in Honolulu in 1849, he resumed an acquaintance with Aaron B. Howe, a businessman now established in that city, whom Cartwright had known in New York City. Howe asked Cartwright to superintend his business and to keep its accounts while he made a planned round-trip voyage to San Francisco. Very likely, at this time Cartwright confided in him his plan to ship foodstuffs to California. Evidently his temporary conduct of business was satisfactory to its owner, for upon his return Howe proposed to Cartwright that they fill a ship—they chose the "Pacifico" —with Irish and sweet potatoes that grew well upon the cooler slopes of Haleakala in Maui, and sell them in San Francisco for use in that city and in the mining areas. Cartwright would go as supercargo on the vessel, sell the vegetables, and the two men would share in the profits. This proposal seemed to fit Cartwright's own plans and interest, for, according to the *Commercial Record* of 1892, he told Howe that he did not in-

tend to return to Honolulu. He had left a brother and friends in San Francisco, and very likely he planned to settle there, as his letters even many years later show. During the voyage he evidently changed his mind—perhaps due to unexpectedly large profits—and when the "Pacifico" made the return voyage to Honolulu he was among its passengers.

In May of 1850, in collaboration again with Howe, Cartwright made a second trip to California in a chartered boat loaded with vegetables and some tropical fruits. Upon completion of his business, he booked passage on the sailing ship "Samuel Russell," which departed for Honolulu on June 16. The journal before us is his account, then, of his return journey from his second trip to the coast as an exporter and seller of food. Cartwright's reasons for choosing the "Samuel Russell" are clear. The vessel was new to Pacific waters, having recently sailed from New York around the horn. By reputation it was renowned as a fast sailing ship. In the late 1840s and 1850s, there was a question of whether steamships would eclipse the speed of sailing ships and make longer crossings. Steamers were just beginning to bid to rival the clipper ships in making rapid crossings, and they were much discussed. Excitedly, Cartwright booked passage and made ready to record the speed of the "Russell," hoping for a new record. After all,

his own father and several members of his family in Nantucket had been engaged lifelong in sailing the seas, and he may have taken pride in the continuing supremacy of the traditionally rigged vessels.

Judging from the smooth, flowing, uncorrected penmanship of his "Journal of a Voyage ..." Cartwright followed the same procedure as he had with his journal of the journey across the plains. He made detailed notes and then amplified them in his manuscript book.

His narrative of the beginning of the trip on the "Samuel Russell" is written toward the back of the same volume in which he wrote his earlier 1849 account. The blank pages preceding the account of the voyage indicate without question that in June of 1850 Cartwright was intending to continue and complete his narrative of his trip all the way from Independence to San Francisco.

Cartwright was one of many Americans in the 1850s who began to be interested in speed—speed to populate the continent, speed across the Pacific, speed to establish commerce on American terms. Speed was to remain an American preoccupation well into the twenty-first century. When the winds failed, and it was obvious that Cartwright's vessel would establish no new record, he broke off the journal as irrelevant. But in addition to his preoccupation with

speed, the journal exhibits Cartwright's family inheritance of interest in seafaring and knowledge of the principles of navigation. The interest of the United States and its expansion through sea power was already mounting. Cartwright's own enthusiasms matched the nation's.

Upon his return to Hawaii, Cartwright counted on joining Aaron Howe in his already established business. But Howe's health was precarious, and he died rather suddenly, intestate. For a brief period, Cartwright worked as a bookkeeper for Richard Cody. His reputation for accuracy and integrity was already established and he remarked with some pride that he received a "very remunerative salary." Cartwright, however, had built up sufficient funds from savings and his two voyages to establish a partnership with Richard Bowlin in Lahaina, Maui, the old commercial and whaling capital of the Islands. The accounting book and records of Bowlin and Cartwright's business exist in the Hawaii State Archives. These records suggest that the business upon which Cartwright entered was already on floundering, shaky financial grounds. After the date that Cartwright joined Bowlin in a general store, a hotel, and bowling alleys, the accounting books were certainly kept in better order by Cartwright, but the decline in whaling brought less than the expected income, and the possessions of Bowlin

and Cartwright were sold in bankruptcy and the partnership dissolved in 1852.

By this time, Cartwright had already settled in Honolulu and brought his wife and three children to the Sandwich Islands in early 1852. He made one more voyage to San Francisco in a chartered ship, the bark "Yankee," with its hold carrying a full load of potatoes from Maui. But following his return to Honolulu on the brig "Isabella," he settled down for good in business ventures that became more and more profitable as years passed. He bore an impeccable reputation for business acumen, honesty, and generosity.

Cartwright was soon appointed chief engineer of the Fire Department in Honolulu. He also drew upon his New York City contacts in becoming the agent in Honolulu for the New York Board of Insurance Underwriters. Then he established his own firm as a commission merchant and general shipping agent. Very rapidly he became a well-established resident of Honolulu. He helped to found Bishop's Bank. In his business he often made use of Peruvian vessels, and by 1876, he became Peru's consul to Hawaii and remained so until his death, when his son Bruce continued in that post. He grew so far in respect that eventually he became financial advisor to King Kalakaua, Queen Emma, and King Kamehameha IV. In 1878, he became a principal stockholder in the Waimanalo Sug-

ar Plantation. In later years, he devoted himself to community activities. He was the committee chair to organize Fourth of July celebrations in Honolulu, the treasurer of the St. Andrew's Cathedral Fund, a trustee of the Musical Hall Association of Honolulu, and founder of Queen's Hospital, and the organizer in Honolulu of the American Seamen's Institution. He was a permanent member of the State Historical Society. As the principal donor to the library of the Historical Society, he was responsible for its first gift of 200 books, and he remained keenly interested in his own reading. The minutes of the Society note that he continued to donate many books, but not before he had read them himself.

In the midst of all these activities, baseball and the prairies never faded from his mind. As early as mid 1852, he laid out a correct baseball field in what became Makiki Park and is now known as Cartwright Park, where there is still a frequently used baseball diamond. In a letter of April 6, 1865, he reminisced about his New York Knickerbocker baseball which he had carried across the continent: "Many is the pleasant chase I have had after it on Mountain and Prairie, and many an equally pleasant one ... here in Honolulu, my pleasant island home. ..."[26]

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26 My principal source in this account of Cartwright's voyages has been the *Hawaiian Pacific Commercial Advertiser*, XVI, no.

But this account of Cartwright's later success goes well beyond his narrative of life on the sea. Here is his account of the voyage. He is again at the exciting start of a journey. It is June 1850. The wind is up. The Samuel Russell is ready to sail. The journey begins.

3422, July 13, 1892, n.p.

JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO SANDWICH ISLANDS

Weighed anchor Sunday morning June [16]th[,]
arrival at
Honolulu shore 1850.
Ship "Samuel Russell"
Master Charles P. Low
1st officer Mr. Limeburner
2nd officer" Green
Passengers
Robert Wilkinson C.C.
Wm. B. Rice
Mr. Harris
Stern
Keeler

June 15th

Engaged passage to the Sandwich Islands per "Samuel Russell" which has the reputation of being the fastest clipper ship in the world. Master Charles P. Low, 1st mate Mr. Limeburner, 2nd Mr. Green—owners A. A. Low & Brother

New York.

The dimensions of the "Samuel Russell" are as follows: viz Length 180 feet on deck. Breadth 35 ft 4 in. Depth of hold 22 feet Tonnage 971 tons–

June 16th

We got underway at 8 o'clock A.M.[,] the pilot having slept on board[,] and as the wind was ahead & blowing fresh, we were compelled to beat out of the harbour. The pilot left us at 10:50 A.M.[,] having received his pay at the rate of eight dolls. per foot, amounting to $120—with an additional fee of $50. for commissioning the ship yesterday, a job that our Captain would never have allowed him to undertake had he supposed there would have been any extra charge.

June 17

Lat 34° 32' N. Long. 126° 43' W. Winds W.N.W to N.W. Distance by observation during last 24 hours 280 miles. Distance from San Fran 300 miles. The "Samuel Russell" has made the quickest passage on record from New York to "Frisco"[,] 109 days. She has made a passage from China to New York in 80 days, but what established her reputation for speed beyond a doubt is a run she made through the S.I [Sandwich Islands] trades when she averaged 314 miles a day for three days in succession. She

has a formidable rival however in the "Sea Witch" now on her way to San Francisco & is considered rather a faster sailer in light winds than the S.R. The arrival of the "Sea Witch" is looked for with great interest at San Francisco as she is the only ship of all the fleet now bound to San Francisco which is likely to equal the passage of "Saml Russell".

The "Saml Russell" will in a stiff breeze beat any of the Ocean steamers either British or American that run from Europe to the United States, but in light winds these steamers gain an advantage which will most of the time place them beyond the competition of sailing vessels. There is but one however that has as yet beaten [the] voyage of the S.R to "Frisco"

The "Saml Russell" got when she left New York $1.25 per foot for freight[,] that being the greatest amount ever paid for freight on any sailing vessel out of New York. But the steamer "Sarah Sands" which sailed from NY two weeks before the S.R. and arrived four weeks after the latter[,] received $4 per foot for all the freight she could take.

June 18th

Lat 32° 40' N. Long 130° 32' W Wind N. at W. to N. Distance by ob. 219 miles. Course S. W 3/4 S. The mate tells me he has seen the Saml R move at the rate of 14 knots by the log but 13

1/2 is the best rate she has been able to sustain for any length of time. She cuts through the water like a North River streamer, limber and very sharp and she leaves a cleaner wake than any ship I have ever seen. The wind is very light today and she has not averaged over 5 knots through the night.

June 19th

Lat 31° 31' N. Long 132° 21' W, Wind N to WSW. & light. Distance by ob 120 miles. Course S.W. 3/4 west All sails set

June 20th

Lat 29° 25' N. Long 132° 21' W. Distance by ob 121 miles. Wind S.SW & varying. Saw two barges and a Hermaphodite Brig. Wind light and almost dead ahead, so that we have already lost our chance of making the quickest run in record, which we confidently expected after our first day of 280 miles.

Following 27 pages after Cartwright's account of his voyage on the "Samuel Russell," Cartwright wrote out a list of his friends, with annotations. By this we find, for instance, that of his best friends on the trip west, Thomas W. Seely

remained in San Francisco, while Benjamin Woosley returned to New York, and S. Harris Meeker settled in Sacramento. Penciled annotations, not in Cartwright's hand, are given in the following list in brackets.

Capt James Green
New London, Conn [Dead]
Capt Alex R. Parker
New London, Conn [Dead]
Capt Isaac Pursly
New York, N.Y.—
Jacob Barish
Care of Fitzgerald Barish Brewster & Co.—
San Francisco, Cal
Austin D. Thompson
Care of Thompson & Swift N.Y.
M. J. Totten
care of Dr. Burdell Broadway N.Y—
Charles B. Huntington
New York, N.Y.—[Staten Island]
Wm. H. Clarke
care of Stanton Knapp & Woodruff—43 Broad N.Y.—
F. C. Neibuhr
care of Wood & Neibuhr—
E. Ayers
Piermont, Rockland Co. N.Y.—
Alex H. Drummond
Grenille Drummond & Co. N.Y.—

Dr. Joseph B. Phinney
Sacramento City—Cal
S. Harris Meeker
care SHM & C
Sacramento City—Cal [Dead]
Gardner Furniss
San Francisco—Cal [Dead]
[Benj.] F. Woosley care of Macy & Jenkins
N.Y.—
Wm. H. Tucker
271 Montgomery st upstairs
San Francisco Cal.
Capt. Thomas Seely
care of Morris & Green
San Francisco [Dead]
S. Greene
care of Morris & Green
San Francisco
R. H. Van Brunt
Van Sample coffee.
San Francisco
Timothy Smith
care of DeWitt & Harrison
San Francisco
Walter Avery
care of DeWitt & Harrison
San Francisco
John St. Luke & John Crowell
White street New York

APPENDIX

A. Description Of The Manuscript Titled "Journal Of A Trip Across The Plains From Independence To San Francisco—Via South Pass Rocky Mountains & The Sierra Nevada," By Alexander Joy Cartwright, Jr. and "Journal Of A Voyage From San Francisco To Sandwich Islands."

The manuscript volume containing these two journals is held in the archives of the Bishop Museum, Honolulu, Hawaii, under the catalogue number "Ms Doc 55, Acc. 1975. 84." It was donated to the Bishop Museum in 1975 by Mary Check Taylor.

Both of Cartwright's "Journals" are written by hand, in black ink, on wide-ruled pages, in a volume bound on the spine and corner covers in red leather, enclosing marbled covers. The marbling on the cover is repeated inside the volume as end-papers in a double-size sheet, one half of which is pasted inside the cover of the binding, while the other half appears as the first sheet. The same arrangement is on the back cover and last page. The marbling of the cover and end papers is brown, blue, yellow, and red. The first

extended page sheet at the opening of the volume has been torn out neatly, with 3/4 of an inch remaining.

The covers measure 7 1/2 inches wide by 9 15/16 inches high, while the pages are slightly smaller, measuring 7 1/8 inches wide by 9 3/4 inches high. The volume is sewn, with raised thread-channels on the spine, under the leather.

Inside the front cover, on the upper left of the marbled sheet, is a manufacturer's stamp, reading: "Williams, Coopers & co./Export Stationers/Account Book, & Manufacturers,/85 West Smithfield,/London."

Cartwright did not number his pages. The true page one is dated, short-titled, and signed. Side two, verso, is blank. Sides 3 and 4 are blank. The journal begins at the top of side 5, followed by a space after which the text begins. Side 6 is blank. Sides 7-12 contain text. At this point one page (sides 13-14) is torn out. Sides 15, 16, and 17 are blank. Sides 18-55 contain text. On side 31 Cartwright inserts his own pen and ink drawing of Chimney Rock, with a brief comment. Sides 56-70 are blank. On sides 71-76 is a listing of books written in pencil, reversed, beginning on p. 76 and ending on side 71. Side 75 is dated at its head "Jan 24/03." The writing is not in Cartwright's hand; by January 1903 he had been dead for nearly eleven years. This appears to be a list of some of the books owned

by Alexander Joy Cartwright, Jr. Among the titles are "Flowers of Hawaiian Islands," "Evangeline," "Ancient Mariner," "Raven," "Fables of La Fontaine," "Myths and Odyssey," "Myths New World," "Myths Russian," "Myth Norse," "Common Prayer," "Bible Prayer," "Ivanhoe," "4 Years on a Whaler," and biographies of "Marie Antoinette," "Louis XIV," "Marie de Medicis," and "Oliver Cromwell."

Sides 77-84 have been cut out. Penciled check marks still remaining indicate that these pages also contained listings of books. Sides 85-139 are blank.

On side 140 a new entry begins, Cartwright's "Journal of the voyage from San Francisco to Sandwich Islands." The text of this is on sides 140-144.

Sides 145-160 are blank. Sides 161-170 have been cut out; there are no marks indicating what, if anything, might have been on these pages. Sides 171-183 are blank.

On sides 184-186 there is a list of names written in Cartwright's hand, with penciled annotations in another hand. Sides 187-191 are blank, with ink squibbles on sides 187 and 191. The end paper is a double sheet, the right half of which is pasted on the back cover.

The journal has 20 lines per side. Cartwright averages 9 words per line, or 180 words per side. The last twenty-seven pages in Cart-

wright's notebook are blank.

With the manuscript journal in the Bishop Museum is enclosed a form receipt for payment of $110, dated "Honolulu Dec 23-1883," and reading "Received from Alex J. Cartwright,/ One hundred and ten [Cartwright's hand, in black ink] Dollars/to be charged to me on my account/for Antori Sylva/[signed] M. Paiko." A note accompanying this receipt is written by Robert Van Dyke, a twentieth-century collector of Hawaiiana, to Mary Check Taylor, who was, prior to 1975, the owner of Cartwright's manuscript journal. The note reads: "The Paiko estate was one of their biggest accounts in the old days." (However, a thorough reading of Cartwright's voluminous Letterbooks and business records from 1852 to 1884, located in the Hawaii State Archives [catalogued as "Cartwright, Alexander Joy, Jr., M-36] does not confirm Van Dyke's assertion that Cartwright had any extensive involvement with the Paiko estate.)

In his two journals, Cartwright's hand is strong and legible, and was to remain so throughout his life. He does, however, exhibit some stylistic peculiarities, and these are discussed below.

B. A Note Of The Editor's Textual Emendations

The journals of Alexander Joy Cartwright, Jr.,

recounting his westward journey from Independence, Missouri, to what is now the state of Wyoming, and his voyage from San Francisco to Honolulu, are exactly transcribed from Cartwright's journals with three exceptions. First, Cartwright consistently uses what looks like a comma sign or sometimes a dash for a period. I have replaced these signs with a period whenever this is obviously intended. Second, he often does not use commas where they would normally occur. (He begins to use proper commas only in the late 1860s and 1870s.) Therefore, I have inserted commas in brackets at places where commas would naturally be indicated. Both alterations have been made to promote ease in reading. In a few rare instances, where a word is obviously left out, I have supplied the word in brackets. Cartwright's spelling is unusually correct for his time, showing the influence of his extensive reading habits and orderly mind. But where a misspelling does occur I have left it as he spelled it; for instance, he consistently spells wagon with two "g's." (This, however, was a common spelling in the 1850s.) Neither does he use apostrophes to indicate possessives. Their absence does not interfere with the intelligibility of the text.

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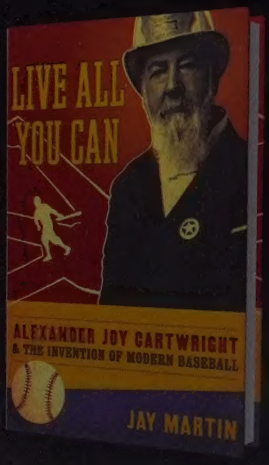

Jay Martin's biography of Cartwright, *Live All You Can: Alexander Joy Cartwright & the Invention of Modern Baseball*, published by Columbia University Press, was nominated for the Francis Parkman Prize, the most distinguished award for works in American History. His edition of Cartwright's journey across the plains adds to the portrait of Cartwright's importance in American History.